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of the country. This shore is bold and rocky, with several natural caves. Foxes are found here. Along this shore is good fishing. The fish caught are ling, and a fish they call blockins. During the months of July and August, herrings are commonly caught; at present they are more abundant than usual. Some kelp is also made along this coast. Here is the scite of a church. On a rising ground, near the northern extremity of the island, is a Druidical altar, it consists of six large stones set upright in the earth, viz. four on the north side, and two on the south: those stones are about three feet high above the surface of the earth, and the space between the sides about the same: on the top there is a large stone, being upwards of six feet long, and the west end of nearly equal breadth, but sloping towards the east to about three feet: this stone is near two feet thick, and pretty smooth on both sides; it rests on two stones on the north side, and one on the south; beneath is a large stone which seems to have served as a floor. I inquired at a neighbouring house, if these stones had any particular name (for I expected to have heard of their erection by Fin M'Cool, alias, Fion M'Cumhal, or some such hero of antiquity) but was informed that they had no particular name, nor any account concerning them. Eastward of this is a small isle, commonly called Muck, signifying swine, but in charts the Knee; it can be entered at low water, and serves to graze a few sheep. Near this is a small haven called Port Muck, accounted very safe for small vessels. Off this is caught that delicate fish the turbot.

S. M. S.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

SIR,
I WAS disappointed on reading the last Number of the Belfast Magazine, to find such an ill-natured attack on the Female-sex, in your pages, as I had supposed from the liberality and good sense of the Proprietors of the Magazine, the "Auction" would have been immediately rejected.—Happily for the Female-sex, they are now considered more than mere dolls, and such vulgar witticisms as, "she has forty nicks in her horn at least," and the plan of selling, "500

damsels, all in great want of husbands," in lots of half a dozen, are not admired by those who have even a moderate share of understanding. I admit some of the Female-sex, from their manner of speaking and writing, seem to consider the chief business of life is to be in love, and to be married; but because some think so, it is unfair for A. Z. to suppose all are of the same opinion. On reading Espricella's letters, I was amused with a conference Joanna Southcott reports she had with the devil, and was pleased to find that even he, had not a worse opinion of the Female-sex than A. Z. He complained he found it much more difficult to dispute with one woman than with a thousand men. His "sooty highness" may have reason to be offended, for being compared with this writer in the Belfast Magazine.

I hope A. Z. will allow me to advise him never again to make such an unhandsome attack on the Female-sex, as it only serves to expose his ill-nature, and I trust there will always be some person found who will defend them from his attacks. Should the times ever change so much, as to oblige the ladies to be sold, I am sure they can have no objection to employ A. Z. as an auctioneer, he is so dexterous at that trade, and he may perhaps expedite their sale by some of his coarse jests, which I suppose auctioneers are permitted to use; but his writings are not calculated either to instruct or to enlighten mankind.

I cannot imagine why A. Z. has formed such a poor opinion of the Female-sex, except that he has found them very ready to fall in love with him. This would not show their good taste, unless he is very different from what his writings lead me to suppose; or that he uses the Magazine as a kind of mask to express sentiments which he would not dare to utter in conversation in their presence.

A FEMALE QUIXOTTE.

To the Editor of the Belfast Magazine.

AN EXCURSION TO GRACE-HILL.

SIR,
ENCOURAGED, by reading a Ramble to Antrim, inserted in your Magazine, I am induced to of-

fer a journey from Belfast to Grace-hill, which took place in the month of June, 1806. Though I had not leisure for more than a casual observation of the country, having only spent two days and one night in our excursion, yet perhaps you may give the account a place in your useful miscellany.

We left Belfast at half past seven in the morning; the weather fine, and my heart exulting at the idea of seeing strange places, and proceeded along the north shore of the harbour through a scene of the highest improvement; on the right, the bay spread its clear bosom unruffled with a breeze; on this side we had a distant view of Scotland, and several boats, and some larger vessels; upon the left was a continuation of good houses for upwards of two miles, with planting, and pleasure grounds annexed, without the intervention of a single cabin, or arable field. We reached the thriving manufactory of Whitehouse, erected at the expense of the late Mr. Grimshaw; the place now forms a tolerably large village of good brick houses, with several large buildings, for calico manufacture, bleaching, and printing. We turned to the left and ascended Carnmony hills, through which a vein of limestone is extended. Carnmony is a wretched village, with a very mean old looking church, and a tolerable meeting house. Came to Doagh at eleven, and there breakfasted; Doagh is conspicuous for nothing but a well built inn, and an hunting lodge, belonging to the Marquis of Donegall, built in the cabin style, and forming three sides of a square, the fourth being appropriated to the office houses: the windows are very large, and extend from the foundation to the roof; before the door is a handsome, though small piece of water, and round the house are some young plantations of trees, with a variety of flowers and shrubs tastefully interspersed; left this at twelve, and travelled through a mountainous country, on the right scarce any thing was to be seen but rocks, heath, and short, harsh looking pasture, on which some cows, horses and a few sheep, picked up a scanty subsistence, there were many goats,

for which animals the pasture seemed more particularly calculated; to the left is a valley poorly cultivated; the soil seems sterile, scarce a tree, and not a house to be seen above the size of a cottage. We came to Connor, which scarcely deserves the name of a village; here is a small thatched church near the ruins of the ancient cathedral of Connor. Kells has a few tolerable houses, and some bleach-greens; the face of the country improves as we approach Ballymena; the prospect opens on a cultivated country, and the high and grotesque shaped mountain of Slemish is visible for many miles. Ballymena is a neat town, built of stone and lime, very few houses being either of brick, or whitened; but I saw too little of it to form any proper judgment respecting it; the situation is high, and the streets clean; leaving the town to the right, we proceeded to Grace-hill. The first object which attracts the traveller's attention on the approach to Grace-hill, is Gilgormcastle, an uncouth pile of Gothic architecture, built of common field stone, it strikes the beholders with the idea of a prison, dull, dark, and gloomy; at what period it was built, or whether intended for a fortress I am not adept enough in the history and antiquities of Ireland to determine; it has very few, and old fashioned windows. And is encompassed by a low wall: it is at present inhabited by a tenant of Lord Mountcashet, the proprietor, and occasionally by his agent, when receiving the rents.

Behind this, on a rising ground is seated the Moravian settlement of Grace Hill. The little spire and vane of the chapel with the white houses peeping from among the trees, have a beautiful effect on the approach to this seat of industry, regularity, and cleanliness; the village (if it may be called such being entirely unconnected houses) is built round a square, of which the road to Randalstown, takes up one side; to the left of which road are various neat cottages, all built of stone and lime, with sash windows, each house containing a kitchen, and two apartments; they are a small distance from the street, from which they are divided by a low and

neatly cut hawthorn hedge, with trees planted at equal distances. Opposite to this road is the chapel, a neat, though unadorned building, it has a gallery and handsome organ; the interior is not divided into pews, but filled with forms arranged in rows. The men and women sit at separate sides of the house, nor do they enter by the same door; next the chapel to the right, is the house of the single sisters, where the females of the society reside together until they are married; the house is two stories high, with an attic story, which is entirely taken up with the sleeping room; on entering the house you first go through a long passage, on each side of which are various small, but neat apartments, in which a certain number of those sisters (as they are called) reside. They are employed in various useful and ornamental works; some were working lace of a very fine texture; others engaged with tambour and embroidery; some knitting; some at plain work; and one female who seemed coeval with the building, busied at her spinning wheel. In each room was a small recess, where were placed cups, saucers, plates &c. and all the table equipage necessary for those plain living and temperate females. Never did I behold any thing more interesting than the looks and manners of those women; mildness and complacency shone on every feature; whether the manner of their dress, which invariably consisted of a plain, thin mob cap, added charms to their persons, I know not, but they all seemed to possess a more than common share of beauty; I suppose the most rational manner of accounting for it, is, that a portion of that sense of the love of God, which every true christian possesses, and which fills the heart with peace, love, and joy, sheds its emanations over the countenance; for certain it is, that the features take their tincture from the mind, and are often the index of it.

When furious passions storm the soul,
They stamp their image on the face,
Each feature yields to their controul,
Even beauty's charms they can deface.
So heavenly tempers in the mind,
Upon the countenance are seen,
There true religion's mark we find,
With an expression calm, serene.

Observe the hint ye blooming fair,
Who try each art to aid your charms;
Strive in your Maker's love to share,
This, even the power of age disarms.
This will o'er every feature spread,
The lasting charms of love divine,
By Faith and Hope, as handmaids led,
You will through endless ages shine.

The sleeping room as I said before, takes up the whole attic story, in it is neither chair nor table, but 48 beds arranged along both sides of the room, each bed only of size sufficient to accommodate one person; they had neither post, tester nor curtains, and were entirely covered over with quilts, either patchwork, or white counterpanes, the room was completely ventilated by two large windows opposite to each other, which answered every purpose for light and air.

To the left of the chapel is the brothers' house, which we did not enter; but I understand it is much on the plan of the other; the men follow their various occupations, as weavers, carpenters, shoemakers, &c. and after the example of the primitive christians, the produce goes to the common stock. Annexed to this house, is the boarding school for boys; these buildings take up the whole of the square opposite to the Randals-town road; the side of the square which is entered by the road from Ballymena, has first the inn, a neat white house of two stories, containing many convenient rooms, but with remarkably low ceilings. Contiguous to the inn, is the boarding school for girls, in which near seventy are educated, and learn every necessary accomplishment at a very moderate expense: the house is surrounded by a well cultivated garden. On the opposite side to this is the shop of the society, stored with grocery, haberdashery, hardware, &c.

The middle of the square is taken up by an inclosure for the use of the boarders, who there take the refreshments of air and exercise; a thick hawthorn hedge encompasses it; next the inside is a gravel walk surrounding a spacious grass-plot; in the centre of which is a fish-pond, in which we saw the trout leaping as if in play; round the pond is a turf-seat sur-

rounded by a broad border of well selected shrubs and flowers; and many trees are planted round the whole.

Behind the chapel, on a hill at a considerable distance, is the burial ground of the society, in which no alien ashes are permitted to rest; it is planted with regular rows of trees like a grove, and on the graves are small stones about two feet square, which are registers of the names, &c. of the deceased. As we returned from the burial place, we came by a lane at the end of the chapel, which, when we reached the termination, we found closed by a gate; at that instant, the wife of the Moravian Minister approached at the other side, and said, "sure you might have come through our gate;" there was nothing in the words but common civility, but every thing in the manner with which they were spoken; I have seldom seen so interesting a being, she was neither young nor handsome, but there was a nameless something about her; "her voice was melody; and there was an elegant mind in every motion."

We left this seat of peace, comfort, and harmony, about ten in the morning, and travelled to Randalstown through a bye road, passed through the end of the town by the meeting house, and old fashioned church, to Lord O'Neill's park, which we entered almost close to the church, and rode through in a straight direction, for nearly four miles; the park and demesne are large but unimproved, stocked with deer, and ornamented with a variety of fine old trees, fancifully planted; the river Main runs meandering through the demesne; the descent to the river side is abrupt, and clothed with trees, which descending to the water edge in a sloping succession, form a beautiful and romantic landscape; at the end of the demesne next the castle, his lordship is erecting elegant stables; after passing which we arrived at the ancient mansion of Shane's Castle, built at the very edge of Lough Neagh, from which the end of the house is separated by a low wall; the front is not superb, being quite irregular, with a round tower in the centre crowned with a spire; the inside of the house is not remarkable

either for fine furniture or paintings, but has a look of magnificence and antiquity which interests; the billiard room is a small apartment entirely covered with caricature prints, with smaller, arranged by way of bordering, which has a very pleasing effect; in the green-house, we observed a geranium which arose to the height of a small tree, it was of the horse-shoe kind, with scarlet flowers. In a small apartment in the attic story, we were shown a bed, which common report has appropriated to Maveen Roe, the Banshee belonging to the name of O'Neill, who mourns lamentably previous to the death of any one of the noble family. I had often been informed that the bed was daily made up for her. And every night she left a small print in the bed, about the size of that occasioned by a dog or cat lying on it. The servant who showed the bed, laughed as she pointed to it; but I know numbers of the lower class who are firmly convinced of the truth of the story.

We proceeded to Antrim, where we dined, viewed the outside of Massareene castle—an antique building, in a low situation; at each end is a square tower of brick, while the centre of the house has once been white, ornamented with free-stone, cut into coats of arms, and other bass-relievos, which I was not near enough to observe particularly. The Six-mile-water runs past the left side of the castle, which seems more modern than the rest, the windows being large, but the whole much out of repair; the gates falling to decay, owing to a suit at law then depending between the late earl of Massareene's widow, and his brother. Antrim is a long straggling town, with some good houses, and many very old and ruinous. Some are built with lath and plaster, and others with brick, framed with wood, in the oldest style I have ever observed. They have a church, and two meeting-houses; the church is very ancient, with small gothic windows.

Travelling through a well-cultivated country to Templepatrick, we reached a small but neat village, embowered in trees, to the left of which, on a low flat, is situated Castle Upton, the seat of Lord Viscount Templeton. It is a fine building, in the ancient style, with turrets, spires, and vanes. It was erect-

ed in the year 1611, and is the finest Gothic building I ever beheld. Though the proprietor is non-resident, it seems in thorough repair; it is newly whitened; but was it allowed to sink into a proper state of decay, it might pass for an erection of several hundreds of years antecedent to the period when it was built, from the style of its architecture. Near the castle are stables, and other offices, which though built within these dozen of years, are planned in a more antique style than even the castle; they are built round two courts, one within the other, and are entered by a gateway, over which is a watch-tower.

There is a gradual ascent to the high grounds above Belfast. We passed near the Cave hill, which is a grotesque arrangement of rocks, caves, heath, and limestone. We thence began our descent to the shore, which seemed to be immediately beneath us, though about three miles distant. From this place the prospect is delightful: the town and harbour are seen in full perspective; the ships "spreading their white sails to the breeze;" boats skimming with velocity the smooth surface of the water, on the opposite side of which the county of Down hills rise with a sloping ascent, and Scrabo is seen proudly overtopping the rest. Several white villas are interspersed, and the village of Hollywood variegates the scene. To the right, the smoke of Belfast seems suspended in air, like a blue mist, through which the steeples of the church and the poor-house first strike the eye; then are seen the glass-houses; and the masts of ships, like a wood of tall trees, deprived of their leaves by the wintry blast. The sight then wanders over the various buildings which compose this flourishing and improving town, every view of which, in every direction, speaks commercial prosperity.

LYDIA,

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

REPORT FROM THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

WE have with some difficulty obtained the Reports from the Commissioners of the Board of Education in Ireland, presented to the House of Commons; which in a former number we promised to procure for our

readers. We now give the first report. There are two more reports, for which we design to find room in our future numbers. They are accompanied with a large appendix, from which we probably shall select for our readers as we find opportunity; and also make such observations on them as an attentive perusal of the whole may suggest.

To his Grace Charles Duke of Richmond, lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland.

A Report by the Commissioners for inquiring into the state of all Schools on public charitable foundations, in Ireland.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

WE, the undersigned Commissioners, respectively nominated, appointed, and elected, under the provisions of an act of parliament passed in the forty-sixth year of the reign of his present Majesty, intituled, "An act to revive and amend an act made in the Parliament of Ireland, for enabling the Lord Lieutenant to appoint Commissioners for inquiring into the several funds and revenues granted for the purposes of Education, and into the state and condition of all Schools in Ireland;"—in pursuance of the powers vested in us by the said act, having met, commenced our inquiry with an investigation of the present state of the funds of "*The Free Schools of Royal Foundation*;" and having examined and inquired into the annual value of all lands, tenements, and hereditaments granted and belonging to these endowments, and having also examined and inquired into the present state and condition of these schools, and school-houses, the number of scholars in said schools, and into the conduct of the several masters thereof; and into the amount of the annual income, profits and salaries paid and payable to them respectively: We beg leave, pursuant to the provisions of the said act of parliament, to report to your Grace the result of our inquiries.

The schools which are the subject of our present report, namely the free-schools of Arinagh, Dungannon, Enniskillen, Raphoe, Cavan, Banagher and Carysfort, were founded and endowed by King Charles the First, at two different periods.